



Aristippus.

T
THE
CALL
OF
ARISTIPPUS. *6*
EPISTLE IV. *present*
15

TO
MARK AKENSIDE, M.D.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE THREE FORMER
EPISTLES OF *ARISTIPPUS*.

ΑΧΑΡΙC ΔΕ ΤΙC ΠΕΦΤΚΩC
ΜΕΘΕΤΩ ΠΟΙΗΜΑ—

ODE HENR. STREHANI.



L O N D O N :

Printed for R. and J. DODSLEY, in *Pall-Mall*.

M. DCC. LVIII.

C. A. L.

1871

1871

MARK A. K. S. D. E. M. D.





THE
C A L L
O F
A R I S T I P P U S.
E P I S T L E IV.

TO MARK AKENSIDE, M.D.



THOU, for whom the BRITISH bays
Bloom in these unpoetic days,
Whose early genius glow'd to follow
The arts thro' nature's ancient ways,
Twofold disciple of APOLLO!
Shall ARISTIPPUS' easy lays,
'Trifles of philosophic pleasure
Compos'd in literary leisure,
Aspire to gain thy deathless praise?

IF

If thy nice ear attends the strains
 This careless bard of nature breathes
 On CYPRIAN flute in *Albion's* plains,
 By future poets myrtle wreaths
 Shall long be scatter'd o'er his urn
 In annual solemnity,
 And marble CUPIDS, as they mourn,
 Point where his kindred ashes lie.

WHILST thro' the tracks of endless day
 Thy muse shall, like the bird of Jove,
 Wing to the source of light her way
 And bring from cloudless realms above,
 Where TRUTH's seraphic daughters glow,
 Another Promethéan ray
 To this benighted globe below,
 Mine, like soft CYTHEREA's dove,
 Contented with her native grove,
 Shall fondly soothe th' attentive ears
 Of life's way-wearied travellers,
 And,

And, from the paths of fancied woes;
 Lead 'em to the serene abode
 Where real bliss and real good
 In sweet security repose;
 Or, as the lark with matin notes,
 To youth's new voyagers, in spring,
 As over head in air she floats,
 Attendant on unruffled wing,
 Warbles inartificial joy,
 My muse in tender strains shall sing
 The feats of Venus' winged boy,
 Or how the nimble-footed Hours,
 With the three GRACES knit in dance,
 Follow the goddess ELEGANCE
 To HEBE's court in PAPHIAN bow'rs.

NOR let the supercilious wife
 And gloomy sons of melancholy
 These unaffected lays despise
 As day-dreams of melodious folly.

REASON

REASON a lovelier aspect wears
 The SMILES and MUSES when between,
 Than in the STOIC's rigid mien
 With beard philosophiz'd by years ;
 And VIRTUE moaps not in the cell
 Where cloister'd PRIDE and PENANCE dwell,
 But, in the chariot of the LOVES,
 She triumphs innocently gay,
 Drawn by the yok'd IDALIAN doves,
 Whilst young AFFECTIONS lead the way
 To the warm regions of the heart,
 Whence selfish fiends of VICE depart,
 Like spectres at th' approach of day.

SHOULD any infidel demand,
 Who sneers at our poetic heav'n,
 Whether from ordination given
 By prelates of the THESPIAN land,
 Or inspiration from above,
 (As modern methodists derive
 Their

Their light from no divine alive)
 I hold the great prerogative
 T'interpret sage ANACREON's writ,
 Or gloss upon CATULLUS' wit,
 Prophets that heretofore were sent,
 And finally require to see
 CREDENTIALS of my embassy,
 Before his faith could yield assent,
 Convincing reasons I would give
 From a short tale scarce credible,
 But yet as true and plausible,
 As some which catholics believe,
 That I was *call'd* by JOVE's behest
 A PAPHIAN and a Delphian Priest.

ONCE when by TRENT's pellucid streams,
 In days of prattling infancy,
 Led by young wondring EXSTASY,
 To view the sun's refulgent beams

B

As

As on the sportive waves they play'd
 Too far I negligently stray'd,
 The god of day his lamp withdrew,
 EVENING her dusky mantle spread,
 And from her moist'ned tresses shed
 Refreshing drops of pearly dew.
 Close by the borders of a wood,
 Where an old ruin'd abbey stood,
 Far from a fondling mother's sight,
 With toil of childish sport oppress'd
 My tender limbs sunk down to rest
 'Midst the dark horrors of the night.
 As HORACE erst by fabled doves
 With spring's first leaves was mantled o'er
 A wand'rer from his native groves,
 A like regard the BRITISH LOVES
 To me their future poet bore,
 Nor left me guardianless alone,
 For tho' no NYMPH or FAUN appear'd,

Nor

Nor piping SATYR was there heard,
 And here the DRYADS are unknown;
 Yet, natives true of ENGLISH ground,
 Sweet ELVES and Fays in mantles green,
 By shepherds oft in moonlight seen,
 And dapper fairies danc'd around.
 The nightingale, her love-lorn lay
 Neglecting on the neighb'ring spray,
 Strew'd with fresh flow'rs my turfy bed,
 And, at the first approach of morn,
 The red-breast stript the fragrant thorn
 On roses wild to lay my head.
 Thus, as the wondring rusticks say,
 In smiling sleep they found me laid
 Beneath a blossom'd hawthorn's shade,
 Whilst sportive bees, in mystic play,
 With honey fill'd my little lips
 Blent with each sweet that ZEPHYR sips
 From flow'ry cups in balmy May.

FROM that blest'd hour my bosom glow'd
 Ere vanity or fame inspir'd,
 With unaffected transports fir'd,
 And from my tongue untutor'd flow'd,
 In childhood's inattentive days,
 The lisping notes of artless lays.
 Nor have these dear enchantments ceas'd,
 For what in innocence began
 Still with increasing years increas'd,
 And youth's warm joys now charm the man.
 Perhaps this fondly-foster'd flame,
 E'en when in dust my body's laid,
 Will o'er the tomb preserve it's fame,
 And glow within my future shade.
 If thus, as Poets have agreed
 The soul, when from the body freed,
 In t' other world confines her bliss
 To the same joys she lov'd in this,
 Thine, when she's pass'd the STYGIAN flood,
 Shall, 'midst the patriot chiefs of old,

The

The wise, the valiant, and the good,
 (Great names in deathless archives roll'd!)
 Strike with a master's mighty hand
 Thy golden lyre's profoundest chords,
 And fascinate the kindred band
 With magic of poetic words.
 Ravish'd with thy mellifluent lay
 PLATO and VIRGIL shall entwine
 Of olive and the MANTUAN bay
 A never-fading crown for thee,
 And learn'd LUCRETIVS shall resign,
 Among the foll'wers of the NINE,
 His philosophic dignity.
 For tho' his faithful pencil drew
 NATURE'S *external* symmetry,
 Yet to the MIND'S capacious view,
 That unconfin'd expatiates
 O'er mighty NATURE'S wondrous *whole*,
 Thy nicer stroke delineates
 The finer features of the SOUL.

And,

And, whilst the THEBAN bard to thee
 Shall yield the bold ÆOLIAN lyre,
 HORACE shall hear attentively
 Thy finger touch his softer wire
 To more familiar harmony,
 Mean while thy ARISTIPPUS' shade
 Shall seek where sweet ANACREON plays,
 Where CHAPELLE spends his festive days,
 Where lies the vine-impurpled glade
 By tuneful CHAULIEU vocal made,
 Or where our SHENSTONE's mossy cell,
 Or where the fair DESHOULIERES strays,
 Or HAMMOND and PAVILLON dwell,
 And GRESSET's gentle spirit roves
 Surrounded by a group of LOVES
 With roses crown'd and asphodel.

LET the furr'd pedants of the schools,
 In learning's formidable show,

Full

Full of wise saws and bookish rules,
 The meagre dupes of misery grow,
 A lovelier doctrine I profess
 Than their dull science can avow;
 All that belongs to happiness
 Their *heads* are welcome still to *know*,
 My *heart's* contented to *possess*.
 For in soft elegance and ease,
 Secure of living whilst I live,
 Each momentary bliss I seize,
 Ere these warm faculties decay,
 The fleeting moments to deceive
 Of human life's allotted day.
 And when th' invidious hand of TIME
 By stealth shall silver o'er my head,
 Still PLEASURE's rosy walks I'll tread,
 Still with the jocund MUSES rime,
 And haunt the green IDALIAN bow'rs,
 Whilst wanton boys of PAPHOS' court
 In myrtles hide my staff for sport,
 And coif me, where I'm bald, with flow'rs.

Thus to each happy habit true,
 Preferring happiness to pow'r,
 Will ARISTIPPUS e'en pursue
 Life's comforts to the latest hour,
 Till age (the only malady
 Which thou and med'cine cannot cure,
 Yet what all covet to endure)
 This innocent voluptu'ry
 Shall, from the LAUGHS and GRACES *here*,
 With late and lenient change remove,
 To regions of ELYSIAN air,
 Where Shades of mortal PLEASURES rove,
 Destin'd, without alloy, to share
Eternal joys of mutual love,
 Which *transitory* were above.

THE END OF THE FOURTH EPISTLE.

